

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor.
GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

ONLY ASSOCIATED PRESS MORNING FRANCHISE
PAPER IN NORTHWEST INDIANA AND ONLY PAPER
EMPLOYING THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE IN
SOUTH BEND—No other newspaper in the state protected
by two issued wire—night and day—news service; also only
eight-column paper in state outside Indianapolis. Published
every day of the year and twice on all days except Sunday and
Holidays. Entered at the South Bend postoffice as second
class mail.

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY

Office: 210 W. Colfax Av.

Home Phone 1151. Bell Phone 2108.

Call at the office or telephone above numbers and ask
for department wanted—Editorial, Advertising, Circulation, or
Accounting. For "want ads." if your name is in the tele-
phone directory, bill will be mailed after insertion. Report
insertion to business, had execution, poor delivery of
papers, had telephone service, etc., to head of department with
which you are dealing. The News-Times has thirteen trunk
lines at which respond to Home Phone 1151 and Bell 2108.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Morning and Evening Editions.
Single Copy 2c; Sunday, 5c; Morning or Evening
daily, including Sunday, by mail, \$5.00 per year in advance;
delivered by carrier in South Bend and Mishawaka, \$5.00 per
year in advance, or 12c by the week.

ADVERTISING RATES: Ask the advertising department.
Foreign Advertising Representatives: CONE, LORENZEN &
WOODMAN, 225 Fifth Av., New York City and Adv. Bldg.,
Chicago. The News-Times endeavors to keep its advertising
columns free from fraudulent misrepresentation. Any person
defrauded through patronage of any advertisement in this
paper will confer a favor on the management by reporting
the facts completely.

DAILY CIRCULATION AT WAYS IN EXCESS
OF 15,000. SUNDAY 18,000. BOOKS OPEN
TO ADVERTISERS.

APRIL 15, 1916.

JOSEPHUS THE SCIENTIFIC
AND SPRING GARDENING.

This is the time of year when Josephus comes home
with a pocket full of seed packets and a book on vegeta-
ble gardening and a new spade and hoe and rake, and
spends his evenings pottering around the back yard and
stewing and fusing because the soil is so late getting
into workable condition.

Josephus is scientific about it—all for intensive up-
to-date gardening. He knows whether his soil is acid
or alkali, and can talk about nitrates and phosphates
and other fertilizers in a way that would have made his
farmer granddaddy's eyes bulge out. He knows all about
humus and mulch and other esoteric matters. He
knows what he wants to plant, and why and when and
how. He can draw you a diagram of his vegetable
garden-to-be, as an architect sketches the plan of a
house. Perhaps he has his hot-bed or cold-frame
working, and plants ready to set out the first warm,
bright day after the frost has gone.

He is more interested in all this than he is in the
German drive at Verdun or the search for Villa or the
presidential line-up or the latest prize fight or the
baseball outlook.

And it's very good for Josephus. It gives him a
wholesome intellectual interest—it takes brains to make
a good garden; it gives him the finest kind of outdoor
exercise; it keeps him out of questionable places; it
saves him money that he would otherwise spend in
more expensive recreation. It gives him vegetables
which, even if they don't represent a net profit on his
backyard investment, have a freshness and a flavor that
cannot be matched on earth. And back of all this is a
vast pride of achievement that makes Josephus brag
more about his first foolish little radish than about the
biggest triumph of the year in his regular line of busi-
ness.

It's good for Josephus's family, too.

JUST A SUGGESTION FOR SOMEONE'S
SUNDAY SERMON.

Incident to South Bend's housing problem, about as
important as any problem facing the city today, we
would like to hear some preacher preach tomorrow, say,
or a week hence, on the good old Bible text: "The land
shall not be sold forever."

And we will help Mr. Preacher just a trifle more.
Here is an outline for his sermon:

Man is a land animal. Land is as necessary to man
as air and water.

Every bit we eat, ever fabric we wear, ever board,
brick or stone that shelters us, every product of labor,
comes from the land.

Place to live, place to grow things, place to do busi-
ness must be on the earth—a home, a ranch or farm,
a site.

One greatest single evil at the root of all our social
problems is speculation and gamble and eventual
anomaly of land and land values. You might just as
well speculate in monopolizing air and water.

"Here—in a land of plenty—we have poverty in the
midst of smiling, untilled acres; vagabond or homeless
thousands in the presence of millions of idle, unused
home spots; tens of thousands of little children who
never see a blade of grass or touch a flower, or hear
the hum of a bee in their own dooryards."

No wonder the Lord said to Moses: "The land shall
not be sold forever."

So far as the Bible is concerned, private property in
land is prohibited the same as murder, theft and
adultery.

But this social law is delightfully overlooked. And
land speculation and land monopoly fills our Bible
civilization, sits in the pew and takes the Sacrament.

We don't have to go to Denmark to find "something
rotten." Look nearer home.

But here we are under our present land system.
What shall we do? What is the modern statement of
the Bible law?

Here it is:
"Tax the unearned increment of land values."

And here is the simple why:
The presence of human beings at or near any loca-
tion on the earth with their labor and association, their
learning, worship, play, all their communal activities,
increases the site values of land at that point.

No individual creates those values. They are so-
cially created by all the people.

Therefore, these values socially created, should be
collected by the people and put in the public treasury,
instead of going into private fortunes instead.

Now, Mr. Preacher, there is your text and your out-
line. Go to it!

If you can get the people of South Bend thinking
aright religiously on this subject, you will have struck
the very root of the housing problem, land owning will
become synonymous with home owning, and the people
now occupying the dirty, tumble-down shacks, etc., will
soon be moving into little palaces all their own,—or
nearly so.

YOUR TRADE IN POSTAGE STAMPS A
SYMBOL OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE.

According to the Shelby, Ky., Record, a citizen of
Anderson county walked into the postoffice at Sparrow
the other day and asked the postmaster if he had such a
thing as a two-cent stamp. If he had, the visitor
rather guessed he'd take one. He wanted to mail a
letter, and had been told that it was customary on
such an occasion to buy a stamp. He was 32 years old,
and had never mailed a letter before.

We may smile at such a lack of sophistication, but

the background it represents is a rather solemn thing
to contemplate. The contrast between that middle-
aged man, to whom the purchase of a two-cent stamp
was one of the memorable events of a lifetime, and
the ordinary citizen who mails, and receives, a handful
of letters every week or every day, is a striking one.
And nothing, perhaps, could suggest more powerfully
the real significance of the postage stamp as a symbol
of civilization.

Presumably the man who sent no letters got none.
Presumably, too, no newspapers or magazines came
to him. And thus for him the great world, which the
postman brings to most of our doors at least once
every day, did not exist. All that we know of public
affairs, of foreign lands, of the mighty movements of
armies and navies and business and politics and econ-
omics and science and literature, if it comes to such a
man at all, comes only as a vague, dim echo. He
is dulled and chained, when he might, even though
bound to one remote spot, share the manifold life of
humanity in its highest development.

There are too many men—and women—merely vegetat-
ing, for lack of a postage stamp and what it repre-
sents.

SOME FACTS ABOUT GERMANY'S
U-BOAT SUCCESS.

The German statements regarding the submarine
campaign has been that Germany cannot consent to
give up, for the United States or any other nation, "an
offensive arm which has proved so successful against
our enemies." Precisely how successful that arm has
been can be seen from a report just issued, giving the
status of British shipping. It appears that, instead of
the British merchant fleet being seriously crippled by
submarine warfare of the past fourteen months, it has
actually increased in spite of the destruction.

The report states that, up to March 28, England had
lost from all war causes together, including subma-
rines, 279 steamships aggregating 1,320,000 tons, 31
sailing vessels, aggregating 19,000 tons, and a consider-
able number of trawlers whose tonnage is unimportant.
These losses would, indeed, be a serious blow to most
nations. But British shipping was so large to begin
with that all the war losses only amounted to about six
per cent of its total tonnage. And so amazing are its
recuperative powers, even under the handicap of war,
that not only have the losses been made up but Great
Britain's steam shipping has actually made a net gain
of 88 vessels and 344,000 tons.

Obviously, if the German submarines cannot destroy
British ships as fast as the British can build them, they
had better turn their fighting energies to more fruitful
purposes. And when we consider that it is for this
negative result that Germany has incurred the enmity
of the entire neutral world, our wonder grows at the
infatuation of the German government and people for the
lawless Von Tirpitz policy.

OUR \$25,000,000 CONTRIBUTION
TO WAR CHARITY.

American contributions for war relief, in cash gifts
alone, amount to the impressive total of \$25,000,000.
There have been many other donations, in the form of
clothing, food, etc., difficult to estimate.

Belgium, as might be expected, comes first in the list
of beneficiaries, having received nearly \$7,400,000. Next
in size comes the fund raised by the Jewish relief com-
mittees, totalling \$5,500,000, most of which has gone to
Russia and Poland. Organizations for relief in Ger-
many, Austria-Hungary, and allied nations have raised
\$5,000,000. The American Polish relief commission has
\$1,000,000 to its credit. Numerous smaller funds have
been raised by other organizations. Altogether 75 dif-
ferent bodies have been engaged in relief work.

Twenty-five million is a respectable sum to give for
foreign charity. And yet there is no reason for feeling
particularly proud of it. In comparison with the need
and our own giving power, it looks small.

The grand total spent in relief work in Europe since
the war began is estimated at \$250,000,000. If that es-
timate is correct, we have given only one-tenth of the
money devoted to ameliorating war sufferings outside of
the regular government channels. The belligerents and
the European neutrals in spite of their heavy burdens,
have given more liberally than we have. We are in-
comparably richer, and are profiting by the very causes
that are impoverishing Europe. We really ought to
have a better record in this matter than a mere twenty-
five cents apiece in twenty months.

SHAKESPEARE-BACON AGAIN—AND
THE ANSWER.

The tercentenary of Shakespeare's death approaches.
And in the discussions of the next few weeks we shall
have inflicted on us once more the pros and cons of
the great "Baconian controversy." The cranks who
prove by mysterious ciphers that Shakespeare's plays
were written by Lord Bacon are rushing to the front
again.

Perhaps it doesn't make any great amount of differ-
ence who wrote those matchless dramas. We have
them, and that is enough. But as long as the critics
insist on pressing this authorship controversy, it makes
an interesting problem to take up and settle for our-
selves. And the task is really far simpler than the
"scholars" admit. Anybody with a little appreciation
of literary quality and style can figure it out for him-
self.

Just pick up a volume of the plays and read three or
four of them. Don't study them, but read them as
you'd read a new novel. Then run through a volume
or two of Lord Bacon's recognized writings. Then ask
yourself:

"Could this cold, precise, scholarly, logical Bacon,
the judge, scientist and philosopher, possibly have writ-
ten those plays?"

And you'll probably conclude: "No—no more than the
fanciful, careless, romantic, exuberant poet could
possibly have written those cold tomes of science and
philosophy."

TOLEDO CAPITALISTS AND LABOR
IN REMARKABLE STRIKE.

Toledo, O., has had a big street car strike. The public
outside of Toledo has heard very little about it. And
yet it deserves to be famous. The mayor characterizes
it as "the most remarkable in the history of traction
troubles."

Traffic in a big city was tied up for thirteen days,
without a sign of violence. There was not a car dynam-
ited, not a guard assaulted. No great force of special
police was sworn in. No militiamen were called out
for riot duty. The strikers and the magnate simply got
together and talked things over. In an orderly and
sensible series of conferences all differences were
thrashed out, and the men went back to work.

Incidentally, the men gained most of the concessions
they demanded. If either side won a victory, it was
labor's victory.

That looks like a good object lesson for strikers in
general. But then, it must be admitted, strikers in
general don't meet with such a spirit of conciliation on
the part of capitalists, as the Toledo strikers did.

Missouri has seen a ghost walk. The progressives
of that state met in convention April 2, elected 40 dele-
gates to the Chicago convention, instructed for Roose-
velt for president, and declared for nation-wide prohibi-
tion.

Wounded, Villa left the battlefield in his carriage,
according to one report. Why in the world didn't he use
his limousine?

THE MELTING POT

FILED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

NO, INDEED!

We didn't want to go in.
And we won't come out.
Until we have captured
Villa, the old scout.

Speaking of Villa, Mexico seems
to be filled with his running mates.
We use the word running as it is
so appropriate.

PURE LOGIC.

A man coming back from Notre
Dame the other day explained the
locals' defeat thusly:
"We have a good catcher, good
pitchers, a good first baseman, a
good second and third baseman, a
dandy shortstop, and our outfield is
right there, but I'll bet if they
can play ball."

While we are out to the same
will say we noticed a street car con-
ductor and motorman rooting for
the N. D. team.

INSIDE STUFF.

Apples.
Peaches.
Black berries.
And other fillings.

"Ominous Intent Feared," says
headline. We would certainly hate
to be bit by an ominous intent.

"Standard Oil Same Old Standard
Oil. U. S. Inquiry Shows." Head-
line. Well, J. D. is as bald as ever.

A grandmother—49
Came to earth to visit;
And looked at a short skirt.
And said, "Goodness, what is it?"

The gas company has refused to
reduce the price of gas. The high
price of oil is blamed, and as the
high price of oil is blamed on the
high prices as a result of the war,
score another victory for war.

Figuring "your enemy's losses
seems to be popular over in Europe
just now. And the funny thing
about it is that they know the other's
losses to a man, but haven't
time to give out their own figures."

The Irish win another victory—
Tinker will not drop Mulligan.

The greatest Mexican puzzle at
present is why they would want to
shoot at H. H. Sibley.

BIG CITY STUFF.

"Get off my corner."—Ultimatum
issued the other afternoon by one
newsboy to another.

We would advise Carranza to be
careful for he's going to find it
harder to flee than Villa did. He's

The Public Pulse

Communications for this column
must be signed anonymously but must
be accompanied by the name of the
writer to insure good faith. No re-
sponsibility for facts or sentiments
expressed will be assumed. Honest
discussion of public questions is in-
vited, but with the right reserved to
eliminate vicious and objectionable
matter. The column is free. But, be
reasonable.

Editor News-Times:

I have read the article in your last
Sunday's paper on "Some Salient
Features of South Bend's Housing
That Demand Attention," and am
rather surprised that no citizen of
South Bend has publicly expressed
his opinion regarding the statements
made in this sad recital of condi-
tions in our city.

I have been an active volunteer
social service worker in South Bend
for nearly a third of a century and
I know that Miss Wolf has written
the truth, but not the whole truth;
it can hardly be overstated.

There are many social service or-
ganizations in South Bend whose
boards are made up of active, earn-
ing workers, who are trying to allevi-
ate the sufferings of the poor and
unfortunate; our citizens are gener-
ous enough to supply financial help,
but as the years go on, conditions
that tend to promote the evils nar-
rated in the article are not much, if
any, improved, and naturally the so-
cial workers are becoming discouraged.

We need here in South Bend, in
Indiana, in our whole country, an-
other set of social workers who shall
seek to remove the causes of social
disorder, who shall evolve and carry
out a social "preparedness" program
which shall make it possible that all
our people may have the chance
to live decently. In order to ac-
complish social regeneration the help
of everyone outside of the submerg-
ed class is needed. While there is
much being done to further this end,
there is much more waiting to be
done.

The members of the organization
now doing work in South Bend be-
lieve the greatest attention should be
given to the housing problem. Social
workers have tried to combat
this evil for several decades, but
without visible effect.

Some years ago in a southern In-
diana city a mother of an interest-
ing family of children, including a
pair of twins, was visiting the school
and noticed a very poor, neglected
child sitting just across the aisle
from one of her children. She want-
ed her children to have the best en-
vironment possible and this concern
led her to visit the home of the
poor child, where she found condi-
tions so bad that she undertook to
improve them. While doing this
work to protect her own children,
she had a vision that not only her
children but all children needed just
such protection, and she began in
earnest upon a gigantic task. This

likely to step on his whiskers and
won't have a chance to run.

POSTCARDS.

Postcards were invented many
years ago, but did not become popu-
lar until a few years ago. It was
the fashion to send postcards no
matter if you only went to Niles.
You would write "Am having a good
time," although you were cursing
your luck because you had to wait
10 minutes for your car. You would
include all your friends and when
you came home would call on every
one of them to see if your card
was placed in the postcard album.

A postcard sent to an enemy
meant that everything was forgiven,
and kisses or hand shakes were in
order. Occasionally you would send
one home, and every time you did,
would say "Will write later." You
knew how yellow was Yellowstone
park, although you have never seen
it, and could describe Niagara Falls
with your eyes shut. You knew how
many rooms there were in the white
house, but you had never been in
Washington.

You knew the wonders of the
Orient, the mysteries of the tropics,
of the relics of Europe, the customs
of the savages and the costumes of
Paris. You had met the kings, the
czars, the emperors and the what-
nots of the world civilized or other-
wise, face to face. You could count
the spring wagons on Main st. in
Podunk and could almost tell the
smell of the Ohio river water. Your
education was not only complete
but tiresome.

But now! You don't think of
sending postcards to any but your
enemies. You still address them
on birthdays, holidays and feasts,
but your only excuse is you are
too lazy to write. You can't find
your postcard album even when the
baby wants something to play with.
You are out of touch with the Po-
dunks, Hog Wallows and other
metropolises of our noble backwoods
counties. But do you care? You
do not. You are hopeless, but thank-
ful.

CORRECTION.

On page 2, news story sent you
yesterday, the sixth word of the
item under the heading of "Stude-
baker Notes" appeared as "sus-
piciously" instead of "auspiciously,"
due to a stenographic error. In
using this item, kindly have cor-
rection made. "The item should read:
"The month of March ended aus-
piciously for the, etc."

ADAM CROOK SEZ

Bill Dunkel is our idea of economy
in a humane being. He carries round
a empty box, and fills it with
catches when ever he gets a chance.
We heard a barber call wilson a
bonehead the other day.

was Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, a
refined, gentle, fragile, shrinking lit-
tle woman, whose name is loved
throughout our land. Mrs. Bacon
has labored unceasingly in the face
of organized opposition to place up-
on the statute books of Indiana our
present housing law. It is not ideal,
but the best she could get through.
It is strong enough to meet with
great opposition and needs to be pro-
tected in our next legislature.

We have in South Bend a new
building code for the control of fu-
ture building operations, for which
we are truly thankful, but have we
any ordinance or law looking to the
abolishing of our present utility ten-
ements? If not, we hope sincerely
that our city administration will un-
derstand to rid our city of these dis-
graceful features. Until we have
cleared our city of physical and
moral evils we cannot consistently
sit down to "count our many bless-
ings."

THE SALE OF POISONS.

(The New York Herald.)
The sensational poisoning case
now attracting so much attention
is a striking commentary on the
ease with which the most deadly
poisons can be obtained by any one
who wishes to use them for any
reason. By a happy accident the
purchase of the poison was traced
in this case. The accused went to
a physician friend to learn where
he might buy the arsenic that he
wanted, but by so doing only added
another clue for his detection, for
he might have simply walked into
any drug store and bought the
poison without more than signing
his name.

Quite needless to say, there is no
compelling necessity on any one who
wishes poison for any purpose to
sign his own name and so safeguard
his disguising his handwriting. The
druggist need not necessarily be ac-
counted with his customer nor need
there be any identification of his
signature.

If the paying out of money at
a bank were as simple as this and
as unguarded it is easy to under-
stand how many abuses of the
privilege accorded there would be.
Surely human life deserves as much
protection as money, and reasonable
safeguards could be arranged by
law so that at least the intending
criminal would realize that he was
leaving a very definite trail behind
him.

A MIXED BLESSING FOR THE

SWISS.
(Scranton, Pa. Republican.)
War in Europe is proving a mixed
blessing for the Swiss people. It
has put them to great expense as it
is necessary for them to keep a
large force of troops mobilized to
preserve the country's neutrality and
to safeguard its liberties and its in-
stitutions.

But it has benefited them indus-
trially, proportionately, to a greater
extent than it has the United States.
Its various manufactures are said
to be working night and day turn-
ing out munitions, clothing and
other supplies for the allies. In
this may be found one of the rea-
sons for the friendliness for the
allies that seems to pervade all
Switzerland.

There may be such things as "con-
versation stockings," but it is our
opinion that women can have con-
versation without stockings, and lot
of it.—Macon, Ga., News.

INTERESTED ONE.

STATESMEN GREAT AND
NEAR-GREAT

By Fred Kelly.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—At the
close of a brisk political campaign
out in Indianapolis a few years ago,
Thomas Taggart, who runs Hooser
affairs, and is now junior United
States senator from Indiana, had a
little falling out with another Irish-
man by the name of William Flynn,
known as the boss of the fifteenth
ward in the city of Indianapolis.

Taggart tried ordinary persuasion
to bring Flynn back into the fold, but
it didn't work. So he resorted to
strategy. He hatched a deep-laid
plot, which included a special deck
of cards composed entirely of four
spots of spades. With these in his
pocket he set out to have a seemin-
gly accidental meeting with Flynn.
They met in a cigar store, which was
infested, as it happened, with a lot
of other politicians.

"I'll match you to see who buys the
cigars for the crown," suggested
Flynn to Taggart.

That was exactly the sort of pro-
posal Taggart was hoping for.
"All right," said he. "Or how
would it do to play a game of seven-
up, the loser to buy the cigars?"

Flynn asked the proprietor of the
store to get a deck of cards.

Taggart happened to think then
that he had a deck in his pocket.

"To save time," he suggested, with
every appearance of having suddenly
thought of a bright idea, "we won't
play a regular game, but I'll do a lit-
tle trick. Here, select a card—any
card in the deck; remember what it
is and don't let me see it. Now put
it back in the deck—anywhere at all."

That done, Taggart shuffled the
cards and let Flynn divide the deck
into eight neat little piles.

"Touch any pile," directed Taggart,
"and I'll call your card right off the
top."

"You're pretty smart, Tawm," con-
ceded Flynn, "but you couldn't do
that."

He touched one pile and Taggart
called the four of spades.

"Well, you were pretty close to it,"
said Flynn, as he turned it over,
"but mine was the four of clubs."

Inasmuch as the deck was com-
posed of fours of spades, Taggart
knew better; but he said nothing, and
bought the cigars for the crowd.

"Tell us now how you did it—how
you came so near to it," urged Flynn.
And Taggart showed him that the
deck was made up of nothing but
fours of spades.

"You not only did the trick," mut-
tered Flynn disgustedly, "but you've
gone and proved me a liar. It's a
smart one you are, and I guess I'd be
a chump not to be friends with the
likes of you."

They've been good friends ever
since.

WITH OTHER EDITORS
THAN OURS

THE SALE OF POISONS.

(The New York Herald.)
The sensational poisoning case
now attracting so much attention
is a striking commentary on the
ease with which the most deadly
poisons can be obtained by any one
who wishes to use them for any
reason. By a happy accident the
purchase of the poison was traced
in this case. The accused went to
a physician friend to learn where
he might buy the arsenic that he
wanted, but by so doing only added
another clue for his detection, for
he might have simply walked into
any drug store and bought the
poison without more than signing
his name.

Quite needless to say, there is no
compelling necessity on any one who
wishes poison for any purpose to
sign his own name and so safeguard
his disguising his handwriting. The
druggist need not necessarily be ac-
counted with his customer nor need
there be any identification of his
signature.

If the paying out of money at
a bank were as simple as this and
as unguarded it is easy to under-
stand how many abuses of the
privilege accorded there would be.